

The Husbandmens humble Petition, to
both Houses of PARLIAMENT.

WE that Farm your Honours Ground,
Tax'd at Four Shillings by the Pound:
We that must pay the Corial-Tax,
For Skins upon our Cattles Backs.
For Paper, Pepper, Hops and Salt,
And the curs'd Rates on Beer and Malt:
We that by Night for Candles Pay,
And for our Sun-shine in the Day:
We your Petitioners humbly shew,
How you may still raise Taxes New.

Tax ev'ry Soul that Cheats the Nation,
Tho' L——d by Birth, or by Creation:
Tax ev'ry Cheating Captain, Pray,
That Robs Poor Soldiers of their Pay.
Tax C——l Ch——s he may spare,
At least, Five Hundred Pounds a Year:
Which he Maintains by slight of Hand,
By Musters False, and False Demand.
Tax Vict——ing Com——ners,
Peel them till they'r not worth their Ears.
Hang all the damn'd Contracting Crew,
(If Guilty) hang up M——bers too.
Let *Dixon*, *Ridge*, and *Player* Swing,
Rolfe, *Tyburst*, *Best* and *Kelly* Grin.
Truss up the Hartshorn Brewers all,
Those Villains, *W——kins* and *W——hall*:
Or, like *Rome's* Senate find a Way,
For those their Country dare betray;
To suff'r Death more Dreadful seen,
Than ever any yet has been.
Apply their Lands, and all Effects,
To help discharge the Navy's Debts.
Skin 'em alive and Tax their Hides;
Feed Porkets with their Brawny Sides:
But first decoct them for their Tallow.
'Twill Tax in Candles, tho' but Yellow.
Let Rav'nous Crows pluck out their Eyes,
And Dogs their Bones Anatomize.
Whilst our August Assembly bless'd
With Noble Systems prepossess'd.
How they may set their Country Free,
From such *Tartarian* Villainy.
And how to strengthen by a Clause,
(Where needful) all our Antient Laws.
How t'enact New, to secure;
Our Gracious Queen and Country to her.
And to preserve Religion Free,
From Faction and from Popery.